To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Cassio*:
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes sure: O heauen *Roderigo*.
Gra. What of *Venice*?
Iag. Euen he sir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iag. How doe you *Cassio*? O a chaire, a chaire.
Gra. *Roderigo*.
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mistrisse,
Saue you your labour, he that lies slaine here *Cassio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?
Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye,
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen? Nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter* Em.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.
Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio*, where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie, fie vpon thee strumpet.

Bian.

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.
Em. As I: fough, fie vpon thee.
Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* drest.
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,
That either markes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I'le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then snow,
And smooth, as monumentall Alablaster;
Yet she must die, else shee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe, thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light returne: when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needes wither; I'le smell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword once more,
Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after: once more, and this the last, *He*
So sweete was ne're so fatall: I must weepe, *kisses her.*
But they are cruell teares; this sorrowes heauenly,
It strikes where it does loue: she wakes.
Des. Who's there, *Othello*?
Oth. I, *Desdemona*.
Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?
Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona*?

Des.